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THE POSTMAN.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

No. XXIX.—THE POSTMAN.

THE Postman is a most important member of society. He is every morning of his life the messenger of good and evil to his fellow-subjects. Who shall compute the amount of misery and happiness with which that bundle of letters in his hand are charged? You see him hastily, for he does every thing in haste, whether it be to walk, talk, or deliver the letters with which he is intrusted; you see him hastily seize the knocker of the door, and give two lusty knocks. Little recks he of the contents of the folded sheet; otherwise he would have made an exception to his rule, and used the knocker with comparative gentleness. That letter which he delivered with the utmost carelessness, very possibly with something like rudeness, contains the death-warrant of a whole family's earthly hopes and happiness. It conveys to them intelligence of the decease of the husband and father, when in the prosecution, at a distance from home, of that calling by which he was enabled to support them in competence and comfort. Not only have they, in his death, lost the nearest and dearest relative they had on earth, but with that mournful event have vanished all their prospects of the means of subsistence for the future. A few minutes ago they dreamed of nothing but the uninterrupted enjoyment of all worldly good, so long as it should please Providence to permit them to remain in this world; now they have nothing before them but the horrors of want. A few minutes ago they were the happiest family on earth; now they are the most wretched. The house of joy has in one moment been turned into the house of sorrow: the fondest and most confident hopes have given place to the darkest and deepest despair.

Very different is the effect produced by the letter which the Postman delivers next door. His double knock is heard, and the sound causes a mother's heart to leap with exulting expectation. "It is a letter from a beloved and long-silent son." A sister rushes to the door, snatches the folded sheet from the postman's hand;—the mother is right. The letter is from the child of her bosom. The father or mother reads it aloud. Every ear hangs on the lips of the reader. The son and brother is well; his letter is instinct with filial and fraternal affection. Every countenance of the listening group is radiant with happiness; you see the gleam of gladness in every eye. Who could believe that the few lines traced on that sheet of paper, could contain in them the element of such unspeakable bliss to a whole family?

Which of our readers does not know from experience, what it is to feel a consuming anxiety to hear the Postman's knock at the door, when a letter from some beloved friend is expected? Which of them does not know what it is to feel the indescribable suspense, that vibrating of the mind between hope and fear, which is caused by the mysterious silence of

some absent relative? We write this at a distance from home, and experience at this moment more of the feeling than we are willing to express. To persons thus circumstanced, the appearance of the Postman is indeed a most momentous event. That letter in his hand will either scatter or confirm your worst fears—will either realise or disappoint your fondest hopes.

The Postman, however, goes his daily round without any sense of all this. The good or the evil of which he is the messenger, the happiness or misery which follows his footsteps, never costs him a thought. He is intent only on the delivery of his letters in the shortest practicable period of time, and cares not, because he never thinks on the subject, what they may contain. He is not a moral agent in the matter; his duties are purely mechanical. He delivers his letters, and when the last one has passed into the hands of the party to whom it is directed, deems that his duties are done.

THE INQUISITIVE GENTLEMAN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the most remarkable instances that I know of that generally false theory, "the ruling passion," is my worthy friend Samuel Lynx, Esq. of Lynx Hall in this county—commonly called the Inquisitive Gentleman. Never was cognomen better bestowed. Curiosity is, indeed, the master-principle of his mind, the life-blood of his existence, the main-spring of every movement.

Mr. Lynx is an old bachelor of large fortune and ancient family;—the Lynxes of Lynx Hall, have amused themselves with overlooking their neighbour's doings for many generations. He is tall, but loses something of his height by a constant habit of stooping; he carries his head projecting before his body—like one who has just proposed a question and is bending forward to receive an answer. A lady being asked, in his presence, what his features indicated, replied with equal truth and politeness—a most inquiring mind. The cock-up of the nose, which seems from the expansion and movement of the nostrils to be snuffing up intelligence, as a hound does the air of a dewy morning, when the scent lies well; the draw-down of the half-open mouth gaping for news; the erected chin; the wrinkled forehead; the little eager sparkling eyes, half shut, yet full of curious meanings; the strong red eye-brows, protruded like a cat's whiskers or a snail's horns, *feelers*, which actually seem sentient; every line and lineament of that remarkable physiognomy betrays a craving for information. He is exceedingly short-sighted; and that defect also, although, on the first blush of the business, it might seem a disadvantage, conduces materially to the great purpose of his existence—the knowledge of other people's affairs. Sheltered by that infirmity, our "curious impertinent" can stare at things and persons through his glasses, in a manner which even he would hardly venture with bare eyes. He can peep and pry and feel and handle with an effrontery, never equalled by an unspectacled man. He can ask the name and parentage of every body in company, toss over every book, examine every note and card, pull the flowers from the vase, take the pictures from the walls, the embroidery from your work-box, and the shawl off your back; and all with the most provoking composure, and just as if he was doing the right thing.

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The propensity seems to have been born with him. He pants after secrets, just as magpies thieve, and monkeys break china, by instinct. His nurse reports of him that he came peeping into the world; that his very cries were interrogative, and his experiments in physics so many and so dangerous, that before he was four years old, she was fain to tie his hands behind him, and to lock him into a dark closet to keep him out of harm's way, chiefly moved thereto by his ripping open his own bed, to see what it was made of, and throwing her best gown into the fire, to try if silk would burn. Then he was sent to school, a *preparatory* school, and very soon sent home again for incorrigible mischief. Then a private tutor undertook to instruct him on the interrogative system, which in his case was obliged to be reversed, he asking the questions, and his tutor delivering the responses—a new cast of the didactic drama. Then he went to college; then sallied forth to ask his way over Europe; then came back to fix on his paternal estate of Lynx Hall, where, except occasional short absences, he hath sojourned ever since, signalizing himself at every stage of existence, from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to age, by the most lively and persevering curiosity, and by no other quality under heaven.

Mere quiet guessing is not active enough for his stirring and searching faculty. He delights in the difficult, the inaccessible, the hidden, the obscure. A forbidden place is his paradise; a board announcing "steel-traps and spring-guns" will draw him over a wall twelve feet high; he would undoubtedly have entered Blue Beard's closet, although certain to share the fate of his wives; and has had serious thoughts of visiting Constantinople, just to indulge his taste by stealing a glimpse of the secluded beauties of the seraglio—an adventure which would probably have had no very fortunate termination. Indeed our modern peeping Tom has encountered several mishaps at home in the course of his long search after knowledge: and has generally had the very great aggravation of being altogether unpitied. Once as he was taking a morning ride, in trying to look over a wall a little higher than his head, he raised himself in the saddle, and the sagacious quadruped, his grey poney, an animal of a most accommodating and congenial spirit, having been for that day discarded in favour of a younger, gayer, less inquisitive, and less patient steed, the new beast sprang on and left him sprawling. Once when, in imitation of Ranger, he had perched himself on the topmost round of a ladder, which he found placed beneath a window in Upper Berkeley street, he lost his balance, and was pitched suddenly in through the sash, to the unspeakable consternation of a house-maid, who was rubbing the panes within side. Once he was tossed into an open carriage, full of ladies, as he stood up to look at them from the box of a stage-coach. And once he got a grievous knock from a chimney-sweeper, as he poked his head into the chimney to watch his operations. He has been blown up by a rocket; carried away in the strings of a balloon; all but drowned in a diving-bell; lost a finger in a mashing-mill; and broken a great toe by drawing a lead pin-cushion off a work-table. N.B.—This last mentioned exploit spoilt my worthy old friend, Miss Sewaway, a beautiful piece of fine netting, "worth," as she pathetically remarked, "a thousand sand toes."

These are only a few of the bodily mischiefs that have befallen poor Mr. Lynx. The moral scrapes, into which his unlucky propensity has brought him, are past all count. In his youth, although so little amorous that, I have reason to think, the formidable interrogatory which is emphatically called "popping the question," is actually the only question which he has never popped;—in his youth,

he was very nearly drawn into wedlock by the sedulous attention he paid to a young lady, whom he suspected of carrying on a clandestine correspondence. The mother scolded; the father stormed; the brother talked of satisfaction; and poor Mr. Lynx, who is as pacific as a Quaker, must certainly have been married, had not the fair nymph eloped to Gretna Green, the day before that appointed for the nuptials. So he got off for the fright. He hath undergone at least twenty challenges for different sorts of impertinences; hath had his ears boxed and his nose pulled; hath been knocked down and horsewhipped; all which casualties he bears with an exemplary patience. He hath been mistaken for a thief, a bailiff, and a spy, abroad and at home; and once, on the Sussex coast, was so inquisitive respecting the moon, and the tide, and the free trade, that he was taken at one and the same time, by the different parties, for a smuggler and a revenue officer, and narrowly escaped being shot in the one capacity, and hanged in the other.

The evils which he inflicts bear a tolerable fair proportion to those which he endures. He is simply the most disagreeable man that lives. There is a curious infelicity about him which carries him straight to the wrong point. If there be such a thing as a sore subject, he is sure to press on it—to question a parvenu on his pedigree, a condemned author on his tragedy, and an old maid on her age. Besides these iniquities, his want of sympathy is so open and undisguised, that the most loquacious egotist loses the pleasure of talking of himself, in the evident absence of all feeling or interest on the part of the hearer. His conversation is always more like a judicial examination than any species of social intercourse, and often like the worst sort of examination—cross-questioning. He demands, like a secretary to the inquisition, and you answer (for you must answer) like a prisoner on the rack. Then the man is so mischievous! He rattles old china, marches over flower-beds, and paws Urning's lace. The people at museums and exhibitions dread the sight of him. He cannot keep his hands from moths and humming-birds; and once poked up a rattle-snake to discover whether the joints of the tail did actually produce the sound from which it derives that name; by which attack that pugnacious reptile was excited to such wrath, that two ladies fell into hysterics. He nearly demolished the Invisible Girl by too rough an inquiry into her existence, and got turned out of the automaton chess-player's territories, in consequence of an assault which he committed on that ingenious piece of mechanism. To do Mr. Lynx justice, I must admit that he sometimes does a little good to all this harm. He has, by design or accident, in the ordinary exercise of his vocation, hindered two or three duels, prevented a good deal of poaching and pilfering, and even saved his own house, and the houses of his neighbours from divers burglaries; his vigilance being, at least, as useful in that way, as a watchman or an alarm-bell.

He makes but small use of his intelligence, however come by, which is perhaps occasioned by a distinctive difference of sex. A woman only half as curious would be prodigal of information—a spendthrift of news. Mr. Lynx hoards his like a miser. Possession is his idol. If I knew any thing which I particularly wished the world not to know, I should certainly tell it to him at once. A secret with him is as safe as money in the bank; the only peril lies in the ardour of his pursuit. One reason for his great discretion seems to me to be his total incapacity of speech in any other than the interrogative mood. His very tone is set to that key. I doubt if he can drop his voice at the end of a sentence, or knows the meaning of a full stop. Who? What? When? Where? How? are his catchwords; and Eh? his only interjection. Children

and poor people, and all awkward persons who like to be talked to, and to talk again—but do not very well understand how to set about it, delight in Mr. Lynx's notice. His catechetical mode of conversation enchanteth them, especially as he is of a liberal turn, and has generally some loose silver in his pocket, to bestow on a good answerer. To be sure the rapidity of his questions sometimes a little incommodes our country dames; who when fairly set in to a narrative of grievances, do not care to be interrupted; but the honour of telling their histories and the histories of all their neighbours to a gentleman, makes ample amends for this little alloy.

Travelling is much to his taste; as are also stage-coaches, and steam-packets, and diligences, and generally all places where people meet and talk, especially an inn, which is capital questioning ground, and safer than most other. There is a license, a liberty, a freedom in the very name, and besides, people do not stay long enough to be affronted. He spends a good deal of his time in these privileged abodes, and is well known as the Inquisitive Gentleman on most of the great roads, although his seat of Lynx Hall is undoubtedly his principal residence. It is most commodiously situated, on a fine eminence, overlooking three counties; and he spends most of his time in a sort of observatory, which he has built on a rising ground, at the edge of the park, where he has mounted a telescope, by means of which he not only commands all the lanes and by-paths in the neighbourhood, but is enabled to keep a good look-out, on the great northern road, two miles off, to oversee the stage-coaches, and keep an eye on the mail. The manor lies in two parishes—another stroke of good fortune!—since the gossiping of both villages seems to belong to him of territorial right. Vestries, workhouses, schools, all are legitimate ground of inquiry. Besides, his long and intimate acquaintance with the neighbourhood is an inestimable advantage to a man of his turn of mind, and supplies, by detail and minuteness, what might be wanting in variety and novelty. He knows every man, woman, and child, horse, cow, pig, and dog, within half-a-dozen miles, and has a royal faculty of not forgetting, so that he has always plenty of matter for questions, and most of the people being his tenants, answers come quickly. He used—

As I live, here he is! just alighting from the grey pony, asking old dame Wheeler what makes her lame on one side, and little Jemmy White why his jacket is ragged on the other—bawling to both: dame Wheeler is deaf, and Jemmy stupid; and she is answering at cross purposes, and he staring with his mouth open, and not answering at all, and Mr. Lynx is pouring question on question as fast as rain drops in a thunder-shower.—Well, I must put away my desk, and my papers, especially *this*, for I should not quite like him to have the first benefit of the true and faithful likeness, which I have been sketching;—I must put it away; folding and sealing will hardly do, for though I don't think—I can scarcely imagine, that he would actually break open a sealed packet,—yet man is frail! I have a regard for my old friend, and will not put him in the way of temptation.

A STORY OF THE FORTY-SIX.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

ON the 16th July, 1749, there was a tall rawboned Highlander came into the house of Inch-Croy, the property of Stewart Shaw, Esq., in which there was apparently no person at the time but Mrs. Shaw and her three daughters, for the laird was in hiding, having joined the Mackintoshes, and lost two sons at Culloden. This Highlander told the

lady of the house that his name was Serjeant Campbell, and that he had been commissioned to search the house for her husband, as well as for Cluny, Loch-Garry, and other proscribed rebels. Mrs. Shaw said, that she would rather the rudest of Cumberland's English officers had entered her house to search for the prince's friends, than one of the Argyle Campbells—those unnatural ruffians, who had risen against their lawful prince, to cut their brethren's throats.

The Highlander, without being in the least ruffled, requested her to be patient, and added, that at all events, the ladies were safer from insults in a countryman's hands, than in the hands of an English soldier. The lady denied it, and in the haughtiest manner flung him the keys, saying, that she hoped some of hers would yet see the day when the rest of the clans would get their feet on the necks of the Campbells. He lifted the keys, and instantly commenced a regular and strict scrutiny; and just as he was in the act of turning out the whole contents of a wardrobe, the lady, in the mean while, saying the most cutting things to him that she could invent, he stood straight up, looked her steadily in the face, and pointed to a bed, shaking his head at the same time. Simple as that motion was, it struck the lady dumb. She grew as pale as death in a moment, and both she and her eldest daughter uttered loud shrieks at the same instant. At that moment there entered an English officer and five dragoons, who hastened to the apartment, and inquired what was the matter.

'O sir,' said Mrs. Shaw, 'here is a ruffian of a serjeant, who has been sent to search the house, and who, out of mere wantonness and despise, is breaking everything, and turning the whole house topsy-turvy.'

'O ho! is that all?' said the cornet: 'I thought he had been more laudably employed with your ladyship, or some of the handsome young rebels. Desist, you vagabond, and go about your business; if any of the proscribed rebels are in the house, I'll be accountable for them.'

'Nay, nay, said the Highlander, 'I am first in commission, and I'll hold my privilege. The right of search is mine, and whoever are found in the house, I claim the reward. And moreover, in accordance with the orders issued at head-quarters, I order you hence.'

'Show me your commission, then, you Scotch dog; your search-warrant, if you please!'

'Show me your authority for demanding it first.'

'My designation is Cornet Lethem, of Cobham's dragoons, who is ready to answer every charge against him. Now, pray tell me, sir, under whom you hold your commission?'

'Under a better gentleman than you, or any who ever commanded you.'

'A better gentleman than me, or any who ever commanded me! The first expression is an insult not to be borne. The other is high treason; and on this spot I seize you for a Scotch rebel, and a traitor-knave.'

With that he seized the tall red-haired loon by the throat, who, grinning, heaved his long arm at him, as threatening a blow, but the English officer only smiled contemptuously, knowing that no single man of that humiliated country durst lift his hand against him, especially backed as he was by five sturdy dragoons. He was mistaken in this instance, for the Highlander lent him such a blow as felled him in a moment, so that, with a heavy groan, he fell dead on the floor. Five horse-pistols were instantly pointed at the Highlander by the dragoons, but he took shelter behind the press, or wardrobe, and with his cocked pistol in one hand, and drawn broadsword, kept them at bay; for the entrance to the house was so narrow, that two could not enter at a time; and certain death awaiting the first to enter, none of them chose to run the

risk. At length two of them went out to shoot him in at a small window behind, which hampered him terribly, as he could not get far enough forward to guard his entry, without exposing himself to the fire of the two at the window. An expedient of the moment struck him; he held his bonnet by the corner of the wardrobe, as if peeping to take aim, when crack went two of the pistols at it, his antagonists having made sure of shooting him through the head. Without waiting farther, either to fire or receive theirs, he broke at them with his drawn sword, and the fury with which he came smashing and swearing up the house on them appalled them so horribly, that they all three took to their heels, intending probably to fight him in the open fields.

But a heavy dragoon of Cobham's was no match for a kilted clansman six feet high: before they reached the outer door, two of them were cut down, and the third, after a run of about thirty or forty yards. By this time, the two at the west window had betaken them to their horses, and were galloping off. The Highlander, springing on the officer's horse, galloped after them, determined that they should not escape, still waving his bloody sword, and calling on them to stop; but stop they would not, and a grander pursuit never was seen. Peter Grant and Alexander M'Eachen, both in hiding at the time, saw it from Craig-Nearl, at a short distance, and described it as unequalled. There went the two dragoons, spurring on for bare life, the one always considerably before the other, and behind all came the tall Highlander, riding rather awkwardly, with his bare thighs upon the saddle, his philabeg flying about his waist, and he thrashing the hind quarters of his horse with his bloody sword, for lack of spurs and whip. He did not appear to be coming up with them, but nevertheless cherishing hopes that he would, till the horse floundered with him in a bog, and threw him. He then reluctantly gave up the chase, and returned, leading his horse by the bridle, having got enough of riding for that day.

The two Highlanders, M'Eachen and Grant, then ran from the rock and saluted him; for this inveterate Highlander was no other than their own brave and admired colonel, John Roy Stewart. They accompanied him back to Inch-Croy, where they found the ladies in the greatest dismay, and the poor dragoons all dead. Mrs. Stewart Shaw and her daughters had taken shelter in an out-house on the breaking out of the quarrel; and that which distressed her most of all was, the signal which the tremendous Highlander made to her; for, beyond that bed, there was a concealed door to a small apartment, in which her husband, and Captain Finlayson, and Loch Garry, were all concealed at the time; and she perceived that that door was no secret to Serjeant Campbell, as he called himself. When the pursuit commenced, the ladies hastened to apprise the inmates of their little prison of the peril that awaited them; but they refused to fly till matters were cleared up, for they said that one who was mangling the red coats at such a rate could scarcely be an enemy to them. We may conceive how delighted they were on finding that this hero was their brave and beloved Colonel Stewart. He knew that they were concealed in that house, and in that apartment: and perceiving, from the height where he kept watch, the party of dragoons come in at the strait of Corry-Bealach, he knew to that place they were bound, and hastened before them, either to divert the search, or assist his friends in repelling the aggressors.

There was now no time to lose. Mr. Shaw, Captain Finlayson, Alexander M'Eachen, and another gentleman, whose name I have lost, mounted as King George's dragoons, and fled. In their flight they incurred considerable danger, mostly arising from their own friends. In particular, the very first night, in one of the woods of

Athol, at the dead of the night, they were summoned by a party of the Clan-Donnach, and would have been sacrificed, had not Stewart Shaw called out 'Jolach! Càrdiel! Ceariach!' or some words to that effect, which awakened as great an overflow of kindness. Colonel Roy Stewart and Loch-Garry escaped on foot, and fled towards the wild banks of Loch-Errich, where they remained in safety, till they went abroad with Prince Charles.

It is amazing how well this incident was kept secret, as well as several others that tended to the disgrace of the royalists, owing to the control they exercised over the press of the country; but neither Duke William, nor one of his officers, ever knew who the tall red-haired Serjeant Campbell was, who overthrew their six dragoons. The ladies of Inch-Croy did not escape so well; for Cumberland, in re-quital for a disgrace in which they were no wise influential, sent out another party, who plundered the house and burnt it, taking the ladies into custody, and every thing else that was left on the lands of Inch-Croy and Bally-Beg; an instance of that mean and ungentlemanly revenge for which he was so notorious.

SIR JAMES CLARK ON CLIMATE.*

By the publication of this new edition of his work on climate, the distinguished author has conferred a great boon equally on the medical profession and on the public, as the preceding editions have been long out of print.

The present is not, as most new editions are, enlarged in bulk, but it is enriched with accounts of several climates not previously described, and fuller information regarding others. But besides these very useful additions, there are others of equal if not greater importance, such as remarks on ventilation and unhealthy residences, and especially the appendix on mineral waters, considered as adjuvants of change of climate, in its sanative operation on disease.

The work is divided into two parts. In the first the principal diseases admitting of being benefited by change of climate are briefly described.

The diseases first considered are those of the digestive organs, which are of very common occurrence, but, as is well shown by Sir James Clark, of considerable variety of character. This it is obvious requires nice discrimination, in order to decide upon the proper course of treatment, whether medicinal or by change of climate. The other diseases enumerated as being benefited by climate are consumption, disorders of the larynx, trachea and bronchi, asthma, gout, chronic rheumatism, general delicacy of constitution in childhood and youth, climacteric disease, disordered health from a residence in tropical climates, &c. The principle on which the ordinary medical treatment of these diseases is directed by Sir James Clark to be conducted, appears to be in every respect the result of the most extensive experience, aided by the soundest philosophy. It is by the same principles that the application of change of climate as a remedy is regulated; change of climate being, as our author justly observes, by no means to be considered in the light of a specific, but as acting merely like other remedies, and like them requires discrimination in its application to the cure of diseases. The different forms of the diseases above mentioned which require to be attended to when selecting a place of resort for change of climate, are carefully pointed out, together

* The Sanative Influence of Climate: with an Account of the best Places of Resort for Invalids in England, the South of Europe, &c. By Sir James Clark, Bart. M.D. F.R.S Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, and to the Prince Albert. Third edition. John Murray.

with the complications which occasionally exist. Disorders of the digestive organs are apt to complicate almost all these diseases; and this increases the difficulty in deciding whether a dry and bracing climate should be chosen, or a moist and relaxing one, or one of intermediate character.

The second part of the work comprises the physical and medical history of the climates of the different places adapted for the resort of invalids.

The work it is said in the preface is intended to serve at once as a manual to the physician, in selecting a proper climate for his patient, and a guide to the latter while no longer under the direction of his medical adviser. How admirably it is adapted to fulfil both purposes will be found by him, whether physician or invalid, who opens it in search of the desired information. To us the value of the work has been already practically shown by the great good it has effected, as well as by the distinguished manner in which the preceding editions have been received, both by the profession and the public.

SKETCH OF THE LATE SIR DAVID WILKIE.

BY MR. B. HAYDON.

WILKIE is dead! the greatest genius in his early walk of art that ever lived in the world; for though the Dutch school did excel him in touch—in colour—in surface—in tone, he left their greatest men behind in his wonderful power of expression and character—his perfect composition—his purity—his simplicity—his nature—his peasant life: in fact, considering his power and perspicuity of telling a story in his class, he may be pronounced to have been justly entitled to be called the Raffaele of domestic art. He first startled the British artists from their absurd excess in imitating Reynolds by the power and beauty of his "Village Politicians," and founded our unrivalled domestic school.

Had he persevered in the path which nature had carved out for him, had he wisely gone on adding perfection to perfection, there is no calculating on the extent of excellence to which he must have carried his works, for his invention was flowing and continual, his eye for the quantities of composition exquisite, his taste simple, his eagerness for improvement great, and at that time, his industry incessant; but alas! he soon observed that power and competence were seldom obtained in England by inventive art; and having a great relish for society, where a man can hardly keep to a great and solitary principle, he listened to the flatteries of those who wished to have their heads immortalized by the hand of him who was so celebrated in Europe for his own peculiar department. This was the origin of that singular and unfortunate change in his progress, and he soon began to prefer the more profitable ease and lazy luxury of portrait, to the energy of invention, the industry of selecting models, and the inadequate reward for his early and more beautiful works.

From portrait, the full size, the transition seemed to Wilkie easy, into "high art;" but here, again, his ignorance of the naked form, his want of poetry of mind, proved him to be more unequalled than for elevated portrait; and with the single exception of Knox, his attempts in that style were painful. Every man who adored his power where God had gifted him, lamented his dereliction of duty, which the great works in Italy and Spain rather confirmed than reformed, till his portrait of the Queen, 1840, must have opened his own eyes at last to his long, vain, and struggling delusion. Yet exceptions must be made. Surely his portrait of Lord Kelly (his first) was as fine in that style as Knox was in history!—Surely

there is something grand in his portrait of the duke, at Merchant Tailors', with the daughter of Copenhagen—something so grand, that Velasquez might not have disdained it! It does not follow, because Wilkie's portraits were unlike the Exhibition style, they were bad; but it may be concluded that as the failures exceeded the successes in each of these styles, and the successes in his own style far exceeded the failures, still his Cellini and the Pope may fairly be pronounced the perfection of his own department. It is clear he was more adapted for that style in which he began than the styles in which he terminated his progress. Let the weaknesses of so great a genius be noticed only as a guide to the student.

Had Wilkie gone on, like Claude and Vandervelde, perfecting his early impressions, his works would have been the choicest of modern art, as his early ones and his "Cellini," are now the most beautiful of our British school. The loss of such a man at any time would have been painful; but at this crisis of British art, will be peculiarly lamented.

In private life and all its relations, his character was simple, honourable, prudent, and decorous—a tender heart was concealed by a timid manner, which, to strangers, more than bordered on coldness. He had been a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and was an attached but not a resolute friend. His address was reserved, as if he feared to offend more than wished to please. His early struggles had taught him submission and docility, which he never lost even in the society of his equals. His education had been imperfect, but his great capacity, sound common sense, and shrewd observation, made him a delightful companion with an intimate friend. Though in private life he was always consistent, in the practice of the art he loved he betrayed a perpetual appetite of new modes: he was not only at the mercy of his own whims, but of the whims of infinitely inferior men, and like Reynolds, believed every night he had hit the right thing, which the first ray of the morning sun dissipated like a vapour.

He was born at Cults, in Fifeshire, in December, 1785; was sent to Graham's school, at Edinburgh, for five years before he came to London. At nineteen years of age he painted that wonderful picture of "the Fair," without ever having seen a picture by Teniers. The state of art in this obscure village, Cults, may be guessed by an anecdote related by himself. Wilkie, as a proof of his progress, sent home to his good father a drawing of a "foot." His father showed it to his parishioners, as evidence of David's genius, but they could not make it out, and at last agreed it was *more like a fish*, than any other thing; though the foot is a good foot, awkwardly shadowed, but correctly drawn, and is now in my possession, the gift of Wilkie. At Edinburgh he painted a small picture of the "Village Politicians," for an engraver; and coming to London with a letter to Mr. Greville, he was presented to lord Mansfield, who gave him a commission, when he repeated "the Politicians," for his lordship; and in 1806 this wonderful production made him known to the London world. His "Blind Fiddler" followed, for Sir G. Beaumont, and placed him at once where he has ever since been—at the head of his own style. Wilkie was knighted by William IV., who had great regard for him; and few men will be more regretted than Wilkie, who raised himself by his probity, his piety, his simplicity, and his industry, from a poor Scotch youth to honour and distinction. As his death was touching, so was his burial romantic. What Briton,

Whose march is on the mountain wave,
And home is on the deep,
Would not glory in life at the anticipation of such an entombment?

AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES
OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. III.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

In the preceding number of the *SATURDAY JOURNAL* we presented our readers with the plain signature of "Robert Peel." We now give that of his celebrated political antagonist,

The noble lord is about to be united in marriage with one of the daughters of the earl of Minto, the first admiralty lord. This, together with his victory in the late contest for the city of London, a contest severe without a

parallel in city electioneering, should make him as happy as he is confessedly talented.

LORD STANLEY.

This noble lord will doubtless have a prominent place assigned him in the new conservative administration. This is a rather elegant hand.

The noble lord is perhaps the most accomplished debater in the House of Commons. His age does not much exceed forty.

MR. SHEIL.

This gentleman writes a bold and good hand. Who would suppose that the proprietor of this autograph is a little ill-formed man?

He is now verging on his fiftieth year.

LORD MORPETH.

See what a contrast there is between the above autograph, and that of the noble secretary for Ireland!

Instead of the writer of this being only about his fortieth year, one would set him down for an old man with at least a load of threescore and ten summers and winters on his head.

THE STRIKE.

A TALE OF THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

PART THE FIRST.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

GRAY'S ELEGY.

THE shades of evening were fast drawing in towards the conclusion of a warm autumnal day. For more than an hour the heavens had worn a threatening aspect, and as the dusk increased, their appearance plainly indicated an approaching storm. Masses of black clouds flitted onwards in their course, making the darkening sky look darker still, and obscuring by their sombre appearance the lustre of the lunar orb, which had risen above the horizon. Not a breath of air was astir. The wind, which had been blowing almost a hurricane during the greater portion of the day, had suddenly subsided into a temporary calm. The distant lowing of the oxen, the occasional bark of some watchful dog, were the only sounds which struck

upon the ear. Nature seemed hushed and still, as if she waited in suspense for something terrible. At last, a vivid flash of lightning illuminated the horizon, and like the signal gun of an army, ushered in the long threatened convulsion of the skies. The rain began to fall first in heavy distant drops, and then in torrents; the thunder rolled—clap succeeded clap, with scarcely a moment's intermission, and the heavens appeared in almost one continual blaze.

"What an awful night!" exclaimed Louisa Hamilton to her sister, as a flash more vivid than the rest seemed to linger for a few seconds around the apartment in which they were seated. "The storm is certainly increasing—Do ring the bell, Eliza, and let the servant bring up the lamp, and —"

A sudden exclamation of alarm, however, prevented her finishing the sentence, and looking up to ascertain the cause, she discovered the dark figure of a man, completely muffled up, standing by the window which opened upon the lawn, and apparently endeavouring to enter the apartment. Failing, however, in his attempt, in consequence of the fastenings being secured, he deliberately forced his arm through one of the panes, threw a letter upon the carpet, and without uttering a syllable, immediately disappeared.

Louisa Hamilton was a girl of strong mind, and though certainly much alarmed, did not do what some young ladies would have done under similar circumstances, faint quietly away, or go into strong hysterics, but with a "Don't be frightened, dear," to her younger and more nervous sister, she rose from her seat, and rang the bell, which was speedily answered by the servant.

"Bring up the lamp, Ellen, and tell John or the gardener to come here directly; I have seen a man lurking about the premises, and I wish him to wait here till your master comes home. Let him, however, first see that all the doors are safe."

"Lor a mercy!" exclaimed the cook, as soon as she was able to comprehend the fearful import of the housemaid's message. "Oh what shall we do? John has gone with

the chaise for master, and the footman has not been here the whole afternoon."

"It is what shall we do," replied the housemaid, Ellen, whose mind was already worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the storm, "I dare not take the light up-stairs, though I were threatened with a month's warning on the spot."

"Nor dare I," was the almost mechanical response of her companion, "nor would I," was just on the point of falling from her lips, when the parlour bell was again heard to ring. The housemaid hesitated, and for a moment seemed to re-consider the determination which she had but just come to. Her duty and her feelings were at variance, and she discovered that the task of self-denial was no easy thing. Fearful of offending her young and somewhat irritable mistress, she was more than half inclined to obey the summons; but then the long dark winding staircase, and the spacious hall, presented terrors to her weak and superstitious mind not easily overcome. "Mercy on me," she exclaimed at last, "I dare not—cannot go," and threw herself upon a chair, as if to give weight to her determination.

"Come, come," exclaimed the cook, who was herself scarcely a particle less agitated than the timorous Ellen, (though the hypocrite possessed sufficient cunning not to show it,) and in momentary fear lest the latter should suddenly change her mind and leave her alone in the kitchen, "You ought to strive to overcome your feelings, girl, and not give way to such foolishness. Here, bring the light," she continued in a louder tone, raising her voice to stimulate her courage, "and I'll go with you to the parlour door."

These two worthies accordingly proceeded up-stairs in company, taking care to be at no very great distance from each other, and soon arrived in the parlour, where they found Miss Hamilton not a little vexed at the delay which had occurred; yet not so much as she might justly have been expected to be. Apparently with the intention of diverting her remonstrances, by turning her thoughts into another channel, the voluble cook began, with a most seriously concerned face, to make her acquainted with the (to her) startling fact, that no assistance was at hand; an announcement, however, which, much to the astonishment, and we may add, chagrin, of this personage, made little or no apparent impression upon her proud young mistress, but which on the contrary she received with an almost stoical indifference. Yet had that friendly veil been drawn aside, which concealed from the eye of the stranger the feelings of her heart, it would have brought into light a very different scene. How often indeed will the countenance wear an expression of calmness, whilst the storms of emotion are raging within! How often in our intercourse with the world, in conversation with a person for instance, does every feature indicate an expression exactly contrary to what we feel! I do not think that this subject ever struck me more forcibly than it has done whilst penning these lines, and I could not pass on in my narrative without bringing it for a moment before my readers. There are few of us, I think, (nor would I except myself) who, if we were to set a watch upon ourselves, would not find that we have more or less some tinge of this kind of duplicity in our characters,—few of us who would not make the discovery, that we were not quite so frank and open in our intercourse with the world as we sometimes imagine ourselves to be. But a truce to moralising. Miss Hamilton, as we have before stated, was like some other young ladies, somewhat proud, and would not suffer her domestic to read one single iota of her feelings, though in reality she not only felt most seriously concerned at the occurrence which had taken place, but not a little alarmed at hearing

that both the footman and gardener were from home. As fate would have it, however, she was not doomed to spend many long moments in suspense, as the servants had hardly retired from the apartment before the wheels of her papa's chaise were heard rolling along the lawn, and shortly afterwards he entered the room, where for a few moments we must leave (to coin a word for the occasion) our heroine and her sister, while we introduce Mr. Hamilton to our readers.

The firm of Kearsley, Winter and Co., of which this gentleman was at the present time head partner, had been established for more than half a century, in the large manufacturing town of B——. They possessed an extensive connexion, and employed upwards of two hundred workmen, besides a great many women and children. About three months before the period that my tale commences, a strike had taken place amongst these workmen, in consequence of the firm having given notice that in the course of a fortnight their wages would be reduced to the same level as was generally paid in other towns, (they having for some time paid somewhat higher). This far from unreasonable regulation was however disapproved of by the majority of the men; and, led on by a few reckless dissatisfied spirits, which seldom are found wanting on such occasions, a strike was resolved on. For some time all went on as things generally do, neither masters nor men would yield. Mr. Hamilton indeed was of that firm, uncompromising disposition, that rather than have made the slightest alteration in his previously formed resolution, he would have staved ruin in the face, and this the workmen, after the lapse of seven or eight weeks, began to discover. The homes of the families of some of the most industrious, which but a short time before had worn a cheerful pleasing aspect, had now become the very picture of misery and wretchedness. Hunger stalked abroad—many a tender helpless infant suffered at this period for the indiscretion of its parents—many a starving mother parted with her last dry crust for the benefit of her nearly famished children. One article of furniture had disappeared after another, first the ornamental, and then the useful. The family Bible, old Dutch clock, and gilt-framed looking glass, had all been parted with—all had gone, in some measure to alleviate the crying misery of want. Such was the state of things, when about nine o'clock one Monday morning, from ten to fifteen of the workmen applied at Mr. Hamilton's counting house for re-admission into his employment at reduced, nay, at almost any wages. He received them. The fact soon became noised abroad, and during that and the following day, the workmen crowded back to his establishment by tens and by twenties, all of whom he received, with the exception of some ten or twelve, who had been the ringleaders in the strike. These Mr. Hamilton thought it necessary to exclude from his employment, principally for the sake of example; he wished it to operate as a salutary warning upon the rest of the workmen, and hoped that it might prove a check in case of future disturbances of a similar kind. This decided course of conduct was, in one point of view, doubtless attended with a very good effect; but it tended to exasperate the ringleaders beyond bounds, and threats of violence and murder continually rung in his ears. It was not, however, till several weeks had passed away, that any attempt was made to put these threats into execution, nor were Mr. Hamilton's suspicions in any degree excited, till upon his return home the evening with which my tale begins, he encountered the muffled figure of the man we have before noticed, passing rapidly through his grounds. This indeed aroused them, and the letter, of which that individual was the bearer, tending in a great measure to confirm them, he determined to be upon his guard. The

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note was to the following effect, written in a fictitious hand.

"One who considers himself to have been deeply injured by you, but yet desires not to return evil for evil, informs you (however light you may treat the information) that your house is to be attacked this night, and yourself murdered."

The house of Mr. Hamilton was situated upon a rising ground, in a very retired and lonely district, about half an hour's ride from the town in which his manufactory was situated. Not a cottage, or mansion, or human habitation of any kind, was within a mile of the place. It stood in the midst of a well-wooded, though not extensive park, and was surrounded on all sides, especially in the vicinity of the house, by thick shrubberies of evergreens and firs. Its upper windows commanding not only a good view of the park, but of the adjoining districts, presented on the present occasion very favourable opportunities for reconnoitring; and at these, therefore, about two hours before midnight, Mr. Hamilton posted his men, which consisted of a constable, the footman, and gardener. It was not long, however, before this post was abandoned, Mr. H. wisely considering that if the attack, which he fully expected, should happen to be sudden, it would be far better to have them united, and accordingly withdrew his men to the kitchen, taking upon himself (being a man of strong nerve and unflinching courage) the duty of passing from spot to spot, in order to be ready at a moment's warning to give the alarm.

It was unfortunately, in many respects a night peculiarly well adapted for the commission of the dark deeds which were in reality contemplated by the expected robbers, (we will call them by the most lenient name.) Although the storm of lightning and thunder, which had ushered in the shades of evening, had for some time subsided, it had left behind a chill drizzling rain, which, as the hour verged towards midnight, began to fall with greater violence. The wind whistled in the trees hard by, and occasionally howled around the dwelling with a mournful and somewhat ominous sound, driving before it in its course the falling rain, which at each gust pattered heavily against the casements. Darkness too seemed to lend its aid to favour their attempt, for though the moon was nearly at its full, its clear and silvery beams were completely obscured by the black and heavy clouds, which covered like a curtain the surface of the skies, and prevented so much as a solitary star from relieving by its presence the dreary and almost impenetrable gloom.

"Hush! one o'clock—Dear me, I little thought it was so late," exclaimed Eliza Hamilton to her sister, drawing around her the warm thick shawl with which she was provided to guard against the coldness of the evening. "What a tempestuous night it is!—I wish papa would come, he has not been with us for the last half hour or more."

"Well, do not blame him, dear: you know he said that if we would sit we must keep watch over ourselves; and do you recollect a somewhat timid girl, who willingly agreed to the proposal?"

"Yes, yes—and I am almost sorry for it now. I think I should feel safer,—but listen, Louisa—listen. Did you not hear a grating noise just now?"

"A grating noise, indeed!—not I, Eliza, so pray do not attempt to make me fancy so; you may depend upon it, it was nothing but the wind."

"The wind! no, no; I'm confident it was not that, I heard it quite distinctly. There—there it is again—the sound appears to come from the window below this, and is just like a diamond running across a pane. Do you not hear it?"

"I certainly do hear something now," replied her sister

after a pause, and in that calm unagitated tone, which seldom forsook her in the first moments of danger, "but it appears to me more like a file. I will however just run down and alarm papa; very likely he does not hear it in the kitchen."

"No, stay, Louisa," exclaimed the frightened Eliza, terrified at the bare idea of being left alone, and rising from her seat, endeavouring to detain her, "for Heaven's sake I entreat you stay. The wretches may be already in the house, and should you meet them, they would care but little for your life. Hark! I already hear the sound of footsteps," and rushing past her sister to the door, she locked and bolted it.

"Mercy on me—help—rescue!" after a few minutes of intense suspense on the part of one at least of the two sisters, exclaimed a half-choked voice from below stairs; and instantly commenced a fearful scuffle. Mr. Hamilton, who as we have before said, had been the greater part of the evening on the *qui vive*, had heard the noise which had alarmed the sisters, and instantly proceeded with his men to the apartment, which they entered by the door, the moment after the robbers had done the same by the window. Pouncing upon the foremost, like a tiger on its prey, the gardener, a most courageous and athletic man, grasped him so firmly by the throat, that the half-throttled villain roared for mercy. His companions flew to his assistance, and blows, oaths, curses began to be very liberally exchanged between the combatants. More than one pistol was discharged, and more than one robber's knife, was thrust with murderous aim against the breast of his antagonist, but only one or two wounds were given, and those by no means of a serious nature. It is not often that men fight bravely when their cause is a bad one, and five minutes had scarcely elapsed from the commencement of the fray, before the robbers began to waver. One of them jumped out of the window, and took to immediate flight; another was just on the point of following his example, when Mr. Hamilton seized him by the collar of the coat, and laid him prostrate on the ground; the third was wise enough to offer no further resistance. Securing and disarming these prisoners in a trice, Mr. Hamilton and the footman remained to keep guard over them, while the constable and gardener instantly proceeded in search of the fugitive.

Whilst the above fearful scene was going on, a great change had taken place in the aspect of the weather. The rain had nearly ceased, the wind had in a great measure subsided, though it was still somewhat boisterous, and the clouds had evidently begun to break. It was now about half-past one o'clock, and as the above men, animated by their recent success, started upon their errand, the moon suddenly shone from behind a cloud, as if to lend its aid to their endeavours. They sped onward in the only track which they considered it probable the robber would take, (the one leading to the town) with considerable speed, and proceeded for nearly three quarters of a mile, without catching a single glimpse of the object of their search. Nothing daunted, however, they continued the pursuit, with, if any thing, increased celerity, and another half-mile of ground was rapidly passed over, and another still, before their energy began in any degree to cool. A few minutes more, and they had passed the stone which marked the second mile, and at almost the same instant arrived at a turning in the road, from which with the assistance of the moon, they could see for little less than a mile, and distinguish the commencement of those long rows of lamps which marked the entrance to the town. Yet still nothing in the shape of a human being was discernible; and after a few moments' consultation, they determined to return.

"There he is, by heaven!" suddenly exclaimed the constable in a tone of the wildest exultation, when they had proceeded about fifty yards on their way back, at the same time directing the eyes of his companion through a small gap in the hedge which fenced the road; and there sure enough, at the distance of about two hundred yards was the robber, proceeding at a rather leisurely pace across the fields, in the direction of the little village of Nettleden, about a mile distant.

The glimpse alone of the fugitive was the signal for the pursuit. Springing over the hedge, the constable and his companion commenced the chase with a speed almost incredible, considering the distance they had already gone. Alarmed by the rustling of the bushes, the robber, who appeared to be a fine-looking young man, about five-and-twenty years of age, suddenly turned round, and perceiving his danger, started off with the same surprising speed. The spot where the alarm was given, was at the top of a gently sloping field, at the foot of which ran a winding stream, about nine or ten feet in breadth. Down this declivity, Stewart (for that was the robber's name) darted with the rapidity of lightning, leaped the brook and the adjoining fence, and without casting a single look behind, seemed actually to fly over every obstacle which tended in any way to impede his progress. The constable and his comrade were however not slow in following him; their previous exercise seemed to have whetted their agility. Fields, hedges, fences, were passed over in rapid succession, and each instant seemed to diminish the distance between them and the fugitive. This the robber soon perceived, and that instinctive love of life, which acts as an impetus within us, with which nothing else will for a moment bear comparison, stimulated him to exertions almost superhuman. He soon in his turn began to distance his pursuers; every muscle, every nerve was at its utmost strain, and could he hold out but for a few more moments, the probabilities of escape seemed to balance in his favour. The first house of the little village we have before mentioned, hove in sight, and almost as soon was passed, and turning by the little parish, the robber passed up what might be termed the main, yet only street of the village, gasping for breath. Stopping before a neat and decent looking cottage, he leaped the white low palings, and rushed against the door, but it was fast. The moment was one of deep suspense, of intense anxiety; every instant he expected that his pursuers would turn the corner, when they must infallibly discover his retreat. "Open the door," he exclaimed, in a low half-smothered voice. "For God's sake, Alice, come undo the fastenings," but no answer was returned, nor did the slightest movement indicate that a human being was alive within. He dashed himself against it with impetuous fury, but the strong firm oaken panels seemed to mock his almost convulsive effort. "Oh! as you hope for mercy, Alice, Alice—in the name of the eternal God, I beg, I—" he paused. The well-known voice and step were heard upon the red brick floor; the fastenings were almost instantaneously undone; his hand trembling with excitement lifted the latch, and he rushed into the apartment, not daring for an instant to look behind to see if his pursuers were in sight, who turned the corner the same instant that he entered the building.

CHARACTERISTICS OF EMIGRANTS.

OVER the whole surface of British America the mother isles continue to pour a hardy and laborious race of adventurers, who take root like seed wafted by the winds in all manner of places, and generally succeed in laying the foundation of a property for their descendants to inherit.

The thick of the swarm wing their way to Upper Canada, where the soil is rich and deep, and where the Canada Company, still guided by the plans of the sagacious Galt, encourage all who are hardy and enterprising. Of such settlers an historian draws the following character; and we cannot but think that it is accurate:—"In the English farmer we observe the dialect of his county, the honest John Bull bluntness of his style, and other peculiarities that mark his character. His house or cottage is distinguished by cleanliness and neatness; his agricultural implements and utensils are always in order; and wherever we find that an English farmer has perseverance, for he seldom wants industry, he is sure to do well. He does not, however, reconcile himself so readily as the Scotch settler does to the privations necessarily connected, for the first few years, with being set down in a new country, where the habits of those around him, and almost every thing else attached to his situation, are somewhat different from what he has been accustomed to; and it is not until he is sensibly assured of succeeding and bettering his condition, that he becomes fully reconciled to the country.

There are indeed, in the very face of a wood farm, a thousand seeming, and it must be admitted, many real difficulties to encounter, sufficient to stagger people of more than ordinary resolution, but more particularly an English farmer, who has all his life been accustomed to cultivate land subjected for centuries to the plough. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that he feels discouraged at the sight of wilderness lands, covered with heavy forest trees, which he must cut down and destroy. He is not acquainted with the use of the axe; and if he were, the very piling and burning of the wood, after the trees are felled, is a most disagreeable piece of labour. He has, besides, to make a fence of the logs, to keep off the cattle, sheep, and hogs, which range at large; and when all this is done, he must not only submit to the hard toil of hoeing in grain or potatoes, but often to live on coarse diet. Were it not for the example which he has before him of others who had to undergo similar hardships before they attained the means which yield them independence, he might, indeed, give up in despair, and be forgiven for doing so. The Scotchman, habituated to greater privations in his native country, has probably left it with the full determination of undergoing any hardships that may lead to the acquisition of solid advantages. He therefore acts with great caution and industry, subjects himself to many inconveniences, neglects the comforts for some time which the Englishman considers indispensable, and in time, certainly succeeds in surmounting all difficulties, and then, and not till then, does he willingly enjoy the comforts of life. The Irish peasant is soon distinguished by his brogue, his confident manner, readiness of reply, seeming happiness, although he often describes his situation as worse than it is. The Irish emigrants are more anxious, in general, to gain a temporary advantage, by working some time for others, than by beginning immediately on a piece of land for themselves; and this, by procuring the means, leads them too frequently into the habit of drinking; a vice to which a great number of English and Scotch become also unfortunately addicted. The farmers and labourers born and brought up in America, possess, in an eminent degree, a quickness of expedient where any thing is required that can be supplied by the use of edge-tools; and as carpenters and joiners they are not only expert but ingenious workmen. Almost every farmer, particularly in the thinly-settled districts of America, has a loom in his house, and their wives and daughters not only spin the yarn, but weave the cloth. The quantity, however, manufactured among the farmers, is not more than half what is required for domestic use. The houses of the

American loyalists, residing in the colonies, are better constructed and more convenient and clean within, than those of the Highland Scotch and Irish, or indeed, those of any other settlers who have not lived some years in America. Although the house of an English farmer, who settles on a new farm, is from his awkward acquaintance with edge-tools, usually very clumsy in his construction, yet that comfortable neatness, which is so peculiar to England, prevails within doors, and shows that the virtue of cleanliness is one that few Englishwomen, let them go where they may, ever forget. The Highland Scotch, unless intermixed with other settlers, are not only careless, in many particulars, of cleanliness within their houses, but are also regardless of neatness and convenience in their agricultural implements and arrangements. All this arises from the force of habit, and the long prevalence of the make-shift system; for whenever a Scotch Highlander is planted among a promiscuous population, no one is more anxious than he to rival the more respectable establishment of his neighbour. The Scotch settlers from the Lowland counties, although they generally know much better, yet remain, from a determination first to accumulate property, for some years regardless of comfort or convenience in their dwellings; but they at last build respectable houses, and enjoy the fruits of their industry. The lower classes of Irish, familiarised from their birth to a miserable subsistence and wretched residences, are, particularly if they have emigrated after the prime of life, perfectly reconciled to any condition which places them above want, although by no means free of that characteristic habit of complaining which poverty at first created.

Macgregor's British America.

ROMAN NEWSPAPERS.

THE Romans, though we are apt to overlook the fact, had registers of politics and intelligence, which were really not unlike our own newspapers in their contents, but immeasurably inferior in their mode of circulation. The journals of the senate and national conventions long contained little more than entries resembling those in our collected acts of parliament. These furnished most of the materials from which till 625 the pontiffs compiled their annals; and there is also proof that, after the republic had extended its dominions, those official journals were regularly copied and transmitted to public men living at a distance. But these sources were not enough. Every man abroad had his correspondents in Rome; and when the task of collecting news became more difficult, several persons assumed newsmongering as a trade, taking in short-hand notes of the proceedings at public meetings, and selling copies of them as well as of the common gossip of the day, and the official journals. Julius Cesar, in 694, established a regular system for recording the deliberations both of the senate and the conventions, in a form much like our reports of parliamentary debates; and he allowed these accounts to be copied and freely circulated. Although Augustus stopped the publication of the reports, the restraint was soon afterwards withdrawn; and even after their introduction by Julius, these and all other archives of the state were so unreservedly open to the public, and their contents were diffused in so many shapes, that we are often uncertain whether the sources to which the Roman authors refer are these official reports, or the notes of the professional short-hand writers, or finally, those collections of common news that were handed about with the other pieces of information. But we are less curious to disentangle this confusion than to learn some of the subjects which were discussed in the news-journals. The accounts of the political debates embraced the acts

and resolutions, the rescripts of the emperors, the reports of magistrates or committees, the names of the voters, (like that of Thrasea Pœtus, whose silent dissent was watched with such eagerness by the provincials), the speeches, their reception, and the squabbles of the debaters. Stray articles of law intelligence seem to have found their way into these collections. There were likewise occasional notices extracted from the local registers of births, and announcements of marriages, divorces, deaths, and funerals, as also descriptions of new public buildings, shows of gladiators, and such ordinary themes. Julius Cæsar, who read the news-sheet every morning, gave strict orders that Cicero's witty sayings should be regularly added to the other current matter. The journals, too, like our own, were the receptacles for all tragical and marvellous occurrences; and Pliny derived from them many of the odd stories inserted in his *Encyclopædia*, among which the following may be cited. The gazettes related that on the day when Cicero defended Milo there descended a shower of bricks; that under Augustus a burgher of Pasulæ walked to the Capitol in procession formed by his own sixty-three descendants; that when a slave of the unfortunate Titus Sabinus had been executed by Tiberius, his dog watched the corpse, carried food to its mouth, and on its being thrown into the Tiber, swam after it and strove to bring it to land; and that in the reign of Claudius a phoenix from Egypt was publicly exhibited in Rome; which last story, however, Pliny truly pronounces to be a manifest invention.—*Spalding's Italy.*

AMERICAN VARIETIES.—No. VII.

A NEW VERSION.—A traveller, stepping in at an inn, down east, was asked how the business men at New York were getting along. “Oh,” answered the traveller, “many of them have got on their legs again.” “How so, has trade got brisk?” “Oh no, but many who rode in their coaches have been obliged to learn to walk.”

A blacksmith, named Osborn, offered himself as bail at the Court of Session for a prisoner whose trial was put off till next term. “Are you clearly worth 500 dollars above all your debts?” inquired the recorder. “Why, sir, I hold my wife to be worth 500 dollars at least, without my own property.” “The court is satisfied,” replied the recorder, “take his bail.”

“If you beat me, I will call out the soldiers,” says the drum.

RESPECTABILITY.—To be purchased at the tailor's and the upholsterer's.

INSINUATING.—Threading a needle.

NARROW POLICY.—Climbing up a chimney.

VIRTUE.—Doing as the world says.

Speaking of “going off,” reminds us of a pistol we once owned. It “went off” one night, and we have not seen it since.

“Have you got any cabbage?” said a greenhorn, putting his head into a tailor's shop. “No,” said the knight of the shears, “but here is a fine hot goose,” at the same time letting it fly at his head.

What is the instrument with which every tooth in your head may be drawn, not only without pain, but without perception of the operation, provided you open your mouth, and keep your eyes shut? A black lead pencil.

The Planet tells of the lady of a boarding house who served all her boarders with hot water instead of tea, and did not discover her mistake till some gentleman remarked that his tea was rather weak.

POETRY.

THE EVENING HOUR.

It was the sweetest, stillest hour
Of autumn's golden eventide;
No rude wind touched the closing flower—
No ripple murmured on the tide.
All things were sleeping—and the blush
Of beauty glowed on earth and sky;
The glen sent up its last sweet gush;
The zephyr's wing was resting nigh.
And evening looked in love below
O'er hill and valley, dale and sea;
One lone star on her quiet brow
Flung out a small still radiance.
Nature slept on—each winding stream
Forgot its daylight song awhile,
The field flowers closed their eyes to dream;
The bending daisy veiled its smile.
Night rose! The waveless lake expressed
In softer glory, every gem
That sparkled on her sombre vest,
Or quivered in her diadem.
Still all lay hushed—still nature slept,
Like one beyond the reach of woes:
For very depth of joy I wept,
While gazing on such sweet repose.
Who would not flee his daily thrall
And yield to such benignant sway,
As man, the boasted lord of all,
Can neither give nor take away!

E. B.

VARIETIES.

GOURDS.—To grow gourds, plant them in a rich soil, well manured with rotten dung, in a warm situation. Train the stems regularly, so as not to over-crowd each other, and peg them down to prevent their being tossed about by the wind. Some train them against a wall or trellis, but these modes are only applicable in the case of small sorts: for one weighing 160 lbs. would not be easily supported from the earth. Occasionally they are planted above fermenting dung, and protected, at first, with hand-glasses, as is done with ridge cucumbers.

A FAMILY MAN.—The Shah was also a family man, in the broad acceptance of the term; indeed, it may be said that his majesty was the richest man in the world in family ties. It never could be ascertained, I believe, even by himself, the extent of his possessions in this respect, since it was not an uncommon thing to have two or three born to him the same night. I have heard of a hundred and fifty sons, and as many daughters. The precocious Persian youth, and the still more precocious maiden, who is often married at from twelve to fifteen years of age, soon glide into the noose of matrimony, and the consequences are generally numerous. His majesty was blessed with the third and fourth generations, and as I have observed, the family ties could never be told. I have heard them estimated at twelve hundred.—*Fowler's Three Years in Persia*.

EGYPTIAN ASSES.—I never before experienced the perfection of smooth progressive motion. The fleetness of the Egyptian ass's amble is not to be described: one glides on, and, as on a railroad, you can only judge of the rapidity of your progress by seeing how fast you lose sight of succeeding objects. I am longing to take some to England. What charming shooting ponies they would make! if I may be permitted the Hibernicism. The race is quite a thing apart; their coats are so fine that, when clipped, they look as if they were dressed in grey and white satin, for some are nearly colourless.—*Hon. Mrs. Damer's Diary*.

HIS HANDS FULL.—A man is supposed to be tolerably well occupied when he has a wife on one arm, a baby on the other, carrying a basket and a cane in his hands, a cigar in his mouth, and a hopeful heir holding on to the skirts of his coat.

SAILORS' HOMES.—From the interest I had always taken in the welfare of this deserving but neglected class of beings in my own country, my attention was naturally drawn to their condition here; and I found, on inspection and inquiry, that here, as in England, the sailor is hardly permitted to tread the shore, after his arrival from a long voyage, before he is beset and surrounded with an unprincipled gang of grog-shop keepers, pawnbrokers, prostitutes, crimps, and other "land-sharks," as they are most appropriately called, all anxious to make the unsuspecting victim their prey. He is then decoyed by flattering words, and the offer of money for his immediate wants before his wages are paid, to some low boarding-house, attached to which, or near at hand, are all the vicious allurements of intoxicating drink, gaming, dancing, women, and every thing that can draw his money from his pocket; so that by these joint influences he is often drained of the whole earnings of a year of peril and hardship at sea, in the short space of a single week, at the end of which he has to embark again upon the ocean, without even the means of purchasing sufficient clothes for his voyage, or leaving any provision for his family or kindred behind him.—*Buckingham's America*.

END OF A RICH POPE.—Clement V., during his feeble and profligate reign, amassed enormous riches by the sale of ecclesiastical benefices and by other scandalous means. He had enriched his relations and his dependents, but he had not secured their gratitude. The moment that his death was announced in the papal palace, all its inmates rushed upon his treasures as if they had been their lawful booty. Amongst his numerous household, not a single servant remained to watch the dead body of their master. The wax candles that lighted his bed of state fell upon the bed-clothes, and set them on fire. The flames spread over the whole apartment, but the palace and wardrobe were so plundered that only a miserable cloth could be found to cover the half-burnt remains of one of the richest popes who had ever governed the church.—*Campbell's Life of Petrarch*.

Whoever shall review his life, will generally find that the whole tenor of his conduct has been terminated by some accident of no apparent moment, or by a combination of inconsiderable circumstances, acting when his imagination was unoccupied, and his judgment unsettled, and that his principles and actions have taken their colour from some secret infusion, mingled without design in the current of his ideas. The desires that predominate in our hearts are instilled by imperceptible communications, at the time we look upon the various scenes of the world, and the different employments of men, with the neutrality of inexperience; and we come forth from the nursery of the school, invariably destined to the pursuit of great acquisitions or petty accomplishments.—*Dr. Johnson*.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE FLY.—The eye of the common house fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; it is furnished with 8000 hexagonal faces, all calculated to convey perfect images to the optic nerve—all slightly convex—all acting as so many cornea—8000 included within a space no larger than the head of a pin!—all hexagonal—all of the best possible form to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful that it would stagger belief if not vouch'd for by being the result of the microscopic researches of such men as Lewenhoeck, and others equally eminent.

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